confidence is key by bealrat

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"The internet, although wild and nasty, is a very educational place, Rich."

Or, Eddie JUST wants to deepthroat his boyfriend.

confidence is key

When people thought of Eddie Kaspbrak, “confidence” was probably not the first word that came to mind. Eddie knew that, and he hated it. Confidence had always been Richie’s thing, somehow shining through even when Eddie knew for a fact that he didn’t actually feel it. Richie had a knack for performing, making people believe whatever he wanted (not that he would ever be the type to use that against Eddie, or any of his friends for that matter. He was open and honest almost to a fault when it counted). But Eddie was growing tired of being the nervous one, “afraid of his own shadow” as his boss had once called him.

Logically, he knew this was one of the things Richie loved about him. They’d have never been together if he didn’t; they were friends for years before Richie had finally made a move. They knew each other inside and out, both figuratively *and* literally. So, somehow Eddie thought maybe Richie shouldn’t have been quite so surprised when he sank to his knees and swallowed Richie’s cock down in one smooth motion—Richie’s far-from-small, girthy and long, fucking *beautiful* cock. His head fell back, eyes wide and mouth gasping as Eddie hummed around him, smirking in satisfaction. As much as one can smirk with a dick down their throat. He pulled off with a “pop,” to catch his breath for a moment, meeting his boyfriend’s eyes.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Eds. Where did you learn that?” Richie rasped, sounding absolutely wrecked already, voice deep and raspy. This was far from the first time Eddie had him in his mouth, and Richie had never found a reason to complain about technique, but Eddie had definitely never been able to do *this* before.

Eddie planted a kiss to the head of his cock, tongue flicking out to lick at his slit before taking him back in and ignoring the question. He kept his eyes on Richie’s as he started to bob up and down, taking

him in a bit further each time and occasionally pausing to swirl his tongue around the head. He could feel his eyes start to water as Richie hit the back of his throat, closing them for a moment and reminding himself to relax. He coughed a bit, pulling back only for a second as he felt Richie's hand reach up to wipe at the corner of his eye.

Before Richie could get out the "careful" or "you don't have to" that Eddie could sense was coming, he took a deep breath and sank all the way back down until his nose was pressed into the pubic hair at the base of Richie's cock. He was always grateful to Richie for not making him feel weak or breakable like everyone else in his life always had, but that didn't stop Richie from occasionally worrying that Eddie may push himself too far, trying to prove something to himself.

Eddie could feel his own cock growing hard where it pressed up against his jeans and he pressed the heel of his free hand against it as his other clutched at his boyfriend's hip. He dug his nails into Richie's soft, pale flesh before moving down to cup his balls the way he knew Richie loved. He fondled them gently, swallowing around him in the back of his throat and relishing in the whine Richie let out, much higher and needier than Eddie was used to hearing.

"Oh my god, *fuck*. Eds," Richie moaned, hips jerking forward involuntarily. Eddie choked for a moment, Richie stuttering out an apology before Eddie met his eyes and placed Richie's hand on his head. A silent invitation. Eddie had honestly dreamed of the day he'd be able to let Richie fuck his mouth freely, and he moaned around his cock as Richie got the hint and tightened his grip on his hair. He brought his other hand up to thumb away a stray tear on Eddie's cheek. "So fucking good for me, baby. Taking me so well," he murmured, as he let his hips start moving.

The praise went straight to Eddie’s groin, always so turned on just by knowing that Richie never doubted him. He may ask if he’s sure or okay from time to time, but he always trusted when the answer was yes. And Eddie clearly had no hesitation about this. Eddie moved both his hands, now free, to unbutton his own pants and get his cock out, hard and leaking already from the thought of pleasing his boyfriend so much.

Richie panted above him, spurred on by the sight of Eddie getting off on getting *him* off, and held Eddie's head in place as he fucked in and out of his mouth. He moved faster now that he was sure Eddie could take it. Spit was running down Eddie’s chin and Richie groaned at the sight, overwhelmed thinking about the contrast between this and how perfectly clean Eddie had to be otherwise. “God, you look so fucking dirty right now, gagging on my cock. You love it, don't you?”

Eddie moaned, hand speeding up on his own dick. He felt that familiar burn starting to coil in the pit of his stomach, building up. He could tell that Richie was getting close too, his rhythm starting to falter and his eyes, always on Eddie’s, clouding over a bit like they always did when he was on the edge. His pupils were so blown out that his eyes looked almost black and Eddie whimpered at the hungry look on his face. He couldn’t believe how hard he was just from getting Richie off, from being used like this. He couldn’t get enough.

“Shit, Eds, gonna fucking come down that pretty little throat. Is that what you want baby, hm?” Richie pulled him off roughly by his hair and grasped his chin, groaning a bit at the trail of spit that was left from his cock to Eddie’s mouth. Eddie’s lips were swollen and red as Richie bent to kiss him, quick and dirty. “Yeah? You want it, pretty boy?”

Eddie felt hot all over; he loved when Richie was so far gone that he'd just start a steady stream of pet names and dirty talk. Trashmouth, indeed. "Yes, please," he rasped. The wrecked sound of his voice surprised him and made him throb harder in his own hand. Richie was clearly affected too, mouthing "fuck" under his breath and shaking his head a bit, like he couldn't believe this was actually happening. Eddie soaked all of it up, feeling that surge of confidence he'd been chasing beneath his skin. His cock was leaking with so much precome that the slide was easy as he fisted himself faster. "Wanna make you come, Richie."

Richie groaned in return, low and deep, bringing the head of his cock to rub across Eddie's lips before he pushed back inside. "There you go, babe." Eddie could taste the salty tang of precome sliding down his throat and it just spurred him on that much more, whining as Richie kept his hard grip on his chin, other hand pulling on his hair as he moved Eddie however he wanted. Tears were running down Eddie's face and Richie thought he had to be the luckiest guy in the world, the only one who would ever get to see him in this state. Taken apart and desperate, so different from his usual clean, crisp, put-together self he showed the world. "Fucking beautiful, Eds. Such a good boy. Taking my cock so well, taking whatever I give you. You gonna come with me, baby boy?"

Eddie moaned from his place on the ground, nodding the best he could with Richie fucking into his mouth rough and hard. Richie knew it was a yes. He swiped a thumb across Eddie's stretched bottom lip. "Do it. Come for me, baby." And Eddie did. With a whimper, he let go immediately, coming so hard that his vision almost blacked out, spurting hot and messy down his hand and the floor, eyes rolling back and body shaking so much that he almost missed the look on Richie's face until he felt come hit the back of his throat. He spluttered a bit, trying not to choke as Richie moaned above him and kept a tight grip on his hair, holding his head down as far as it would go while he rode out his orgasm. Once he became too sensitive, he pulled Eddie off and dropped to his knees.

Immediately, his arms were around Eddie's waist and he brought their lips back together. They breathed harshly into each other's mouths more than they actually kissed, both coming down from their highs. Richie could taste himself on Eddie's tongue and couldn't help moaning at the thought. He pulled back and took Eddie's fingers into his mouth then, licking and sucking them clean of Eddie's come.

Eddie whined weakly, his spent cock twitching pathetically and a little painfully at the sight. He managed a small smirk. "So, was that good for you?"

Richie's cheeks were flushed, hair almost as messed up as Eddie's where he'd pulled on it himself. He looked completely fucked out. Eddie's confidence soared. "Are you fucking kidding me? You're literally a goddamn wet dream. Oh my god. Look at you." He paused, just for a second, to wipe away some of the spit and come covering Eddie's chin. "Are you ever gonna tell me where you *learned* that?" He kept rambling as Eddie laughed, pulling him onto the bed with him. "I mean, *shit.* Eds. You've always given good head, but you just sucked my soul out through my dick. My brain, too. Where even am I? Holy Lord. Am I dead? Have I died? Who the hell let me into Heaven? I thought for sure I would go to—"

Eddie cut him off with a kiss, giggling against his mouth. He felt light. "The internet, although wild and nasty, *is* a very educational place, Rich" he said, simply.

Richie chuckled at that, clearly not done rambling. He wanted Eddie to know just how welcome this little experiment was. "Well you, my Eddie Spaghetti, are *very* well educated. And nasty. That was fucking slutty. And fucking hot. And I fucking love you."

Eddie took in Richie's blissed-out smile and laughed along with him, counting this one as a win. Although a Loser for life, he'd done a lot of winning with Richie. "I love you too. Trashmouth."

Author's Note:

> i hc eddie as always having something to prove and richie does NOT mind.
>
> -no beta so let me know if you find mistakes, or if i should add any tags. (first time posting here) all comments welcome :)
>
> EDIT: come talk to me or send fic requests @bealrat on tumblr!!